

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

## From War to Peace

### The war restrictions on the shipment of Biscuits having been removed

## Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

are once again being sent to all parts of the world. They are of the same standard of Unrivalled Quality as in the past, and to prevent disappointment the public should place their orders at once with their usual suppliers.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LTD.  
Biscuit Manufacturers  
READING & LONDON  
ENGLAND

## George Bernard Shaw

### Justifies Barbarism of Huns as Invading Army.

(By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.)

(William Archer is a leading dramatic critic of Britain. Recently he himself tried his hand on a play calling it, "War is War, or The Germans in Belgium. A Drama of 1914." George Bernard Shaw, who no doubt had reason to feel the cruel sallies of the famous critic, now comes back, handing it back to his old enemy in a truly Shavian fashion.)

London, Aug. 9.—Mr. Archer, as doyen of our critics of the theatres, must many times during the last 40 years have provoked British playwrights to cry: "Oh, that mine enemy would write a play!" But now that he has done it, they will not get from it the sort of satisfaction they craved; for it is a good play, achieved not by any of the methods which Mr. Archer has recommended to playwrights, but by the only method that ever has produced a good play: that is having a story to tell; feeling strongly that it ought to be told; and using the device of theatrical representation to tell it effectively. The astonishing part of the business is that Mr. Archer has never written a play before (for certain wild oats that he sowed in that direction in his nonage do not count). He must be an amazing insensitive man; for though he has, as this attempt shows, plenty of faculty for playwrighting, it has taken a European catastrophe to knock a play out of him. He is like a gun with a trigger so stiff that it takes several armies to pull it; millions of them losing their lives in the effort. For there is nothing that has not been going on all his life. The materials were ready to his hand when he was fifteen. For instance, he puts into the mouth of a German the picturesque expression invented by our own soldiers to describe that burning of households which is part of the routine of our Indian punitive expeditions. When his German surgeon says "The red cock is crowing over your house," meaning that it is being burnt by order, we know (or ought to) that the surgeon has been in England, and has heard British soldiers tell of their work in India and South Africa. One asks whether Mr. Archer's gorge has been rising slowly for 40 years until it has at last overflowed into dramatic expression, or whether he simply felt nothing at all until the horror attained such a magnitude and struck so closely home that at last he felt

all at once what it meant, and struck back at it.

#### The Value of Evidence.

To those of us who have been striking at it all our lives, Mr. Archer's appendix, containing his pieces, justifications, is pathetically inadequate. Most of it has no documentary value whatever. If "what the soldier said is not evidence," what are we to say to what the newspaper said the soldier said? How can we demur to the official and entirely credible comment that "it appears on investigation that the affirmations contained in the soldier's letter are based on accounts which it is impossible to verify?"

Then again, the relevance of six pages of fictitious incidents from a German novel is hardly established by the not very convincing remark that the works of the author were "said to have been the favorite family reading of the Kaiser." I have ascertained on really credible evidence that the Kaiser liked to have the sermons of Bishop-Boyd Carpenter read to him after dinner; but I wonder what Mr. Archer would say to me if I dismissed his play as a libel on so pious a monarch. I see nothing in these citations except occasion for a slight surprise that Mr. Archer should have thought them worth making. It is when I come to the solid facts cited that my surprise is no longer slight; I rub my eyes and ask whether this is Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim indulgently recalling the picaresques of our armies in Flanders, or an indignant Briton exposing the atrocities of his enemies in Belgium. Fancy these fends of Germany, cries Mr. Archer, actually breaking into cellars; drinking up the wine; and then taking away all the goods they could lay their hands on! I can fancy it very well. Ask any prove-marshal in the British, French, Italian, American or any other army whether he finds any difficulty in fancying that and a good deal more about his own flock; and you will get nothing out of him but a shrug of pity for Mr. Archer's amazing but not unamiable innocence.

War is war, as Mr. Archer says; but he cannot know the value of his own definition unless he knows what war is. I am not going to attempt to tell him here what it is. I will only say that if any nation exists that can claim that its military his-

tory of the German army as presented by Mr. Archer in his play and appendix, it may also claim to be the most civilized nation at present on earth.

#### More Effective Than Exact.

The truth is, as Mr. Archer's title is more effective than exact, he should have called his play simply "Invasion." In a war like the present one, which resolved itself into a starvation match, it may seem grotesque for the side that won to bandy atrocities with the side that lost. Nobody has ever raised the question whether in the massacre of the innocents, Herod's soldiers were instructed to tread on the mothers' toes or not; and the exploit in which we have just out-Heroded Herod leaves those who are capable of grasping its infernal magnitude no emotion to spare for the small change of more blackguardism and disorder.

But if it is worth insisting on the fact that the German army behaved worse than its adversaries on the West front, it should be pointed out that it did so, not because it was a German army, but because it was an invading army. It is easy to be good-hearted in the midst of a friendly population; indeed, of an enthusiastically admiring and grateful population, with both law and overflowing good-will to protect and help you. But suppose you are outlawed in the midst of a population which mortally hates you, and regards killing you at sight as an act of patriotism for the civilian and a duty for the soldier. That is the position of an invading army; and for it there is only one protection, the protection of ruthless intimidation. Your advance patrols dare not draw water from the village well without forcing the women of the village to come with them to protect them from sniping. When the bigger battalions arrive they have to convince the inhabitants that any attempt on the lives of one of the invaders will be punished by the laying waste of ten miles of territory. And as you can only produce such conviction by doing it, the red cock is soon crowing. That is why the Germans behaved like devils in Belgium, where the British and French behaved like angels in comparison. But war is war; and you have only to go back to the cases in which the British and French were the invaders to find just the same devilry. Ask the hill men of India and the Afghans. If you doubt such outlandish testimony, ask General Smuts and General Botha. Or better still (as they will probably tell you) let bygones be bygones.

Mr. Archer's play is a vivid and not at all overdone picture of what may happen, and did happen in Belgium often, in any invaded town. It is, in fact, underdone; for the worst of the truth is unbearable. It needs only one touch to make the spectator feel, as he should be made to feel, that, war being war, Schrecklichkeit is inevitable, and, in its frightful way, reasonable. The play, as it stands, leaves the impression that the franc tireur is a myth. That is a mistake. No doubt there is seldom more than one franc tireur for every thousand the invaders imagine. Mr. Archer does not exaggerate the jumpiness; I was myself, in 1914, within an ace of being shot as a German invader by a jumpy coast-guard at a time when the appearance of a German soldier within several hundred miles was much less probable than the appearance of a polar bear. Several less fortunate persons were killed at that time. But the franc tireur is a reality for all that. Mr. Archer remembers a remarkable play written by an officer (a brother of Mr. Du Maurier), which ended with a German invasion of England, and a typical patriotic villa proprietor blazing away from his drawing-room window at the Kaiser's legions in a blind fury of revenge and hostility, utterly incapable of understanding the consequence of his reckless pugnacity. That sort of man exists everywhere. You will say he is a stupid man; but when there was some fear of a German raid here at the beginning of the war, a reckless injunction to all Britons whatsoever to hang at sight all Germans in uniform whom they might meet under any circumstances was published, not by the stupidest man in England, but by the cleverest. If before the war was seriously begun one excited Frenchman killed Jaures, and, after it was over, another tried to kill Clemenceau, what is the worth of the plea put forward (very naturally) by the unfortunate hostages in Mr. Archer's play, "that no Belgians would be so imprudent as to raise his hand, save in the way of kindness, to a German invader?"

#### Gives Plenty of Atrocities.

Mr. Archer gives us plenty, but not too much, of the legends current among the Germans, of gouged-out eyes and crucifixions, perhaps the most mischievous kind of fiction. We who remember how common and persistent those two legends were among us, and how we had to comfort the wives of our men at the front by assuring them that the stories about German pouches full of British eyes were silly and heartless inventions, will not question the truth of the picture. Also, there is a moral to be drawn from his sketch of German indiscipline. At a time when our own militarists thought no more of sentencing a British soldier to a thousand lashes than of caning a schoolboy, the Duke of Wellington

complained that it was impossible to get an order obeyed in the British army except in a couple of crack regiments, and not even then after eight o'clock at night, because the non-commissioned officers were all drunk by then. The moral of the futility of Zebarn disciples seems to be the same, though I have always been withheld by my recollection of a certain "on the knee" incident in our own army from laying too much stress on Zebarn.

For Mr. Archer's final tribute to German chivalry by making his German hero blow out his brains sooner than obey a terrorist order there is, I am afraid, no authority whatever. The order was diabolical; but it was militarily reasonable, militarily logical, militarily necessary as part of the general proposition that war is war. A moralist's conclusion would have been the admission by the officer that this was so, and his scrupulous obedience to the order.

And now will somebody write a play describing all the kindly and chivalrous things done by Germans during the war? For the credit of our just now heavily discredited human natures, let me say that in my own experience the first-hand evidence, carefully as it has been kept out of the papers, all goes to show that the natural human German is not a bit like the paper one, and that Jerry and Tommy are as like one another as might be expected from the fact that they both come from the same shop. So far it has been left to Mr. John Drinkwater, with his Lincoln play, to maintain the noblest prerogatives of the drama single-handed by holding it above the partialities and rancours of war; and the fact that his play is bringing crowds daily to a suburban theatre shows that the water of life is more potent still than the bile of the civilian who sits at home (or say at Maidenhead to escape the raids) and hates. But Lincoln's war happened more than half a century ago. Now that Mr. Archer has at last got his hand in as a playwright, why should he not give Wilson a turn?



**THE WILLING HORSE.**  
I'd rather be the willing horse that people ride to death than be the proud and haughty steed that children dare not touch; I'd rather haul a merry pack and finish out of breath than never leave the barn to toil because I'm worth too much. So boast your noble pedigree. And talk of manners, if you please—When all his work is done; The willing horse, day in and out, Can hear the merry children shout And every time they are about He shares in all their fun.

I want no guards beside my door to pick and choose my friends for me. I would not be shut off from men as is the fancy steed; I do not care when I go by that no one turns his eyes to see. The dashing manner of my gait which marks my noble breed; I am content to trudge the road And willingly to draw my load—Sometimes to know the spur and goad When I begin to lag; I'd rather feel the collar jerk And tug at me, the while I work, Than all the tasks of life to shirk As does the stylish nag.

So let me be the willing horse that now and then is overtaken. Let me be one the children love and freely dare to ride— I'd rather be the gentle steed of which too much is sometimes asked Than be the one that never knows the youngsters at his side. So drive me where you will, On level road or up the hill, Pile on my back the burdens still And run me out of breath— In love and friendship, day by day, And kindly words I'll take my pay; A willing horse! that is the way I choose to meet my death.

## FOR THE HOLIDAY

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU.

Our stock of  
**KODAKS, BROWNIE and PREMO CAMERAS**  
is complete.

Also a full stock of Eastman Film, and Film Pack to fit every size camera at

**TOOTON'S,**  
The Kodak Store,  
330 WATER STREET.

## AYRE & SONS, Limited

We have just received a shipment of

## Baby Carriages and Sulkies.

These goods will be sold quickly as we have only a limited quantity. Please let us have your order soon as possible.

PICNICKERS BERRY PICKERS, SHOPPERS.

We have a few of our large stock of Baskets remaining to be sold. Secure one quickly as they are selling fast.

SHOWERS OF

## SHOWERPROOF SPECIALS

AT SPLASHING PRICES

Our Coat Section is now replete with many of the newest designs in Ladies' Raincoats in all sizes, at reasonable prices, to suit the most fastidious.

### COVERT COATS

These Coats, double-breasted, belted, sleeve straps, and side pockets,  
**\$19.00.**

### SINGLE BREASTED RAINCOATS

Belted, double cuffs, side pockets, in light and dark fawns  
**\$17.00**

### RAGLAN CLOTH

This Raincoat, lined throughout, belted, with fancy buttons,  
**\$15.00.**

### WOMEN'S BLACK OIL COATS

Plain and fancy belts, sleeve straps, etc. . . . .  
**\$12.50**

## S. MILLEY

### The High Cost Bluff Exposed.

So all this talk of higher cost was largely bluff, or as we have repeatedly said, psychological. The manufacturers worked the public mind into a state of expecting shortage of goods and higher cost of production, and were, consciously or unconsciously, abetted by the wholesalers and their heads, rushed to buy at any price before the stocks ran out. At times this brought about momentary shortage, which further frightened the consumer, and enabled the producer to boost prices again and again. How the manufacturer who was gloating over seventy per cent. must have smiled at the success of the higher cost and shortage propaganda. What does it matter to him if his agents showed everything through blue spectacles so long as they produced seventy per cent. profits for his company. Is business a game of tricks, or is it a war? "War is hell," Mr. Paton says he does not operate his works "to the glory of God or any one else." Sir Robert Borden should recommend him for Knighthood, and see to it that the tariff walls are kept sufficiently high to protect his "infant industry" from foreign competition. The Canadian people have still a little left in their pockets which would be appreciated by the profiteers.—Ex.

Deep bands of lace finish the buttons of evening capes. Soft gray and beige are the best colors for long gloves. Satin trims so many afternoon dresses of cotton voile.

## Smallwood's BIG Shoe Sale!

300 pairs Ladies' Black Vici Boots, Cloth Top, Cushion Sole, Rubber Heel.

Size 2 1-2, 3, 3 1-2, 4, 4 1-2,

Regular \$10.00 value.

**Sale Price, \$7.50.**

**F. Smallwood,**  
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.  
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

Advertise in The Telegram

### NEW EGYPTIAN ONIONS in Sacks,

Ex S. S. Sachem to-day, at about one-third of the price of Texas.

Ex train this morning:  
Pure Gold Jelly Powders.  
Pure Gold Icing Sugar.  
New Pearl Tapioca.  
Flake Tapioca.  
Pearl Tapioca in 1 lb. pkgs.  
Quick Tapioca.  
Dromedary Dates.

Berax—1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages.  
Nell's Pure Fruit Syrup.  
Due Saturday or Monday:  
Bananas.  
California Oranges.  
Green Cabbage.  
New Apples in barrels.  
New Potatoes.

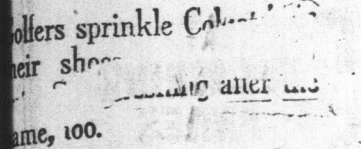
For Saturday Morning:  
LOCAL CABBAGE. LOCAL TURNIPS.

## C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.



At the seashore, Colgate really necessary removes skin and makes comfortable.



Colgate's is invaluable for those who ride horses. It prevents chafing.

As a face or body powder, Colgate's gives a delicate hint of perfume—Colgate's

Out on the where sunbathers protect your skin with Colgate's

Auto tourists will respect the skin protected with Colgate's.

### A Sick Room Aid

Where bandages or sheets chafe patient, Colgate's gives great comfort. A tin of Colgate's Talc on the medicine shelf.

